

The KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

NO 27
DEC.-
JAN.

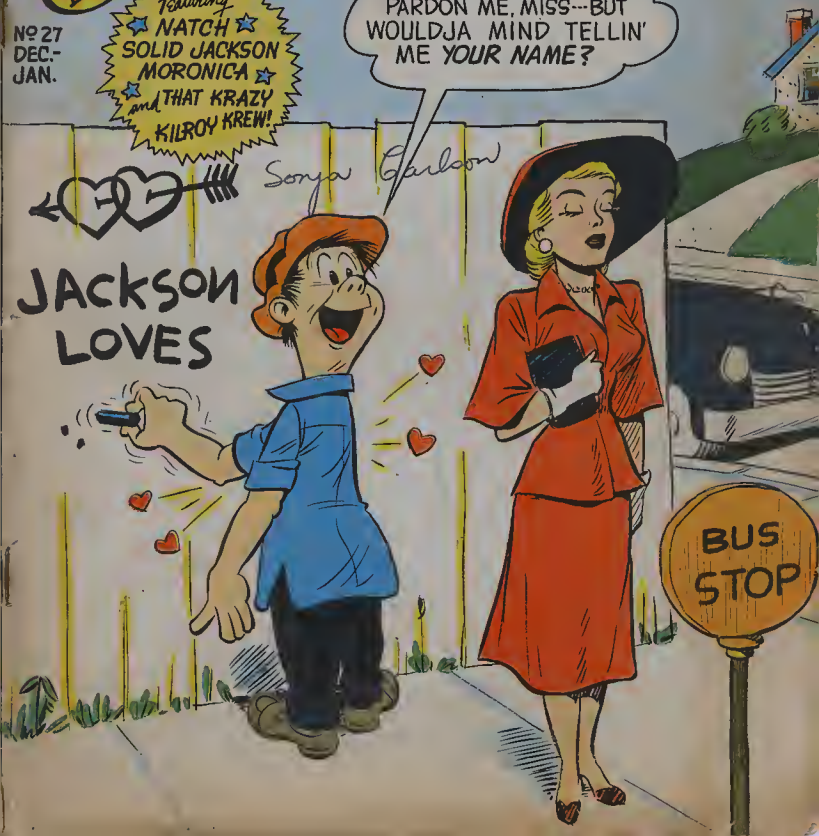
Featuring
★ NATCH ★
★ SOLID JACKSON ★
★ MORONICA ★
★ and THAT KRAZY ★
★ KILROY KREW! ★

PARDON ME, MISS...BUT
WOULDJA MIND TELLIN'
ME YOUR NAME?

Sonya Carlson

JACKSON
LOVES

BUS
STOP





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

ACT NOW MAIL COUPON!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU CASH!
OR PREMIUMS!

JIM and BETTY FIND A NEW "TREASURE"



MAIL NOW!

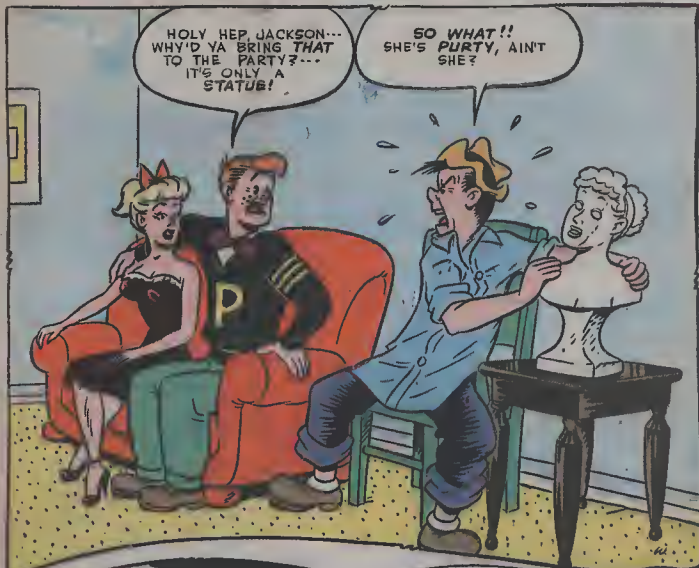
Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. AM-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
 Gentlemen- Please send me an trial 12 colorful art pictures with 12 boxes of White CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....
 St..... RD..... Box.....
 Town..... Zone No..... State.....
 PRINT LAST NAME HERE
 Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

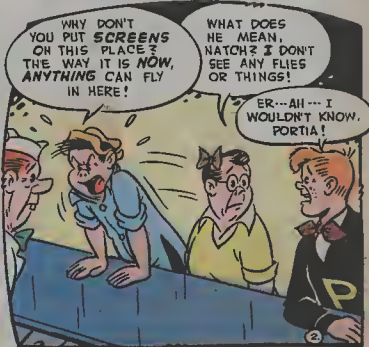
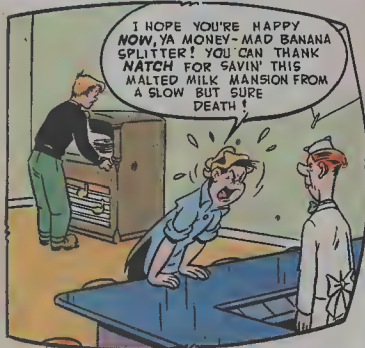
SOLID JACKSON

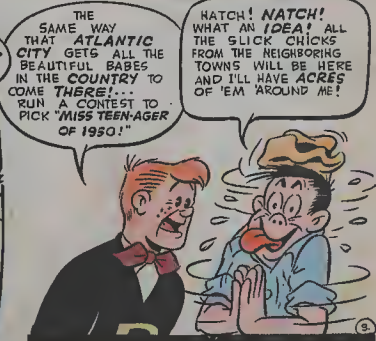
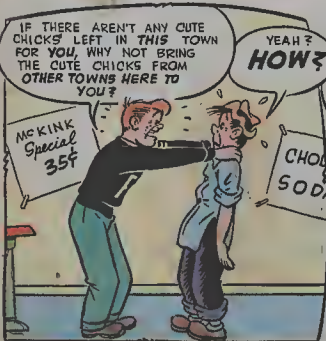
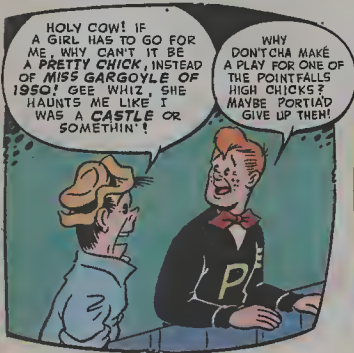
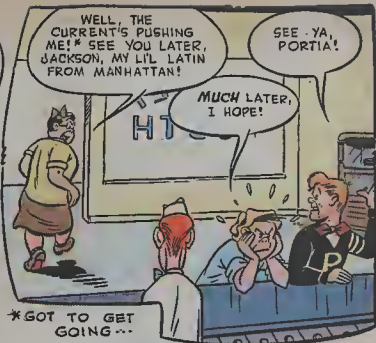
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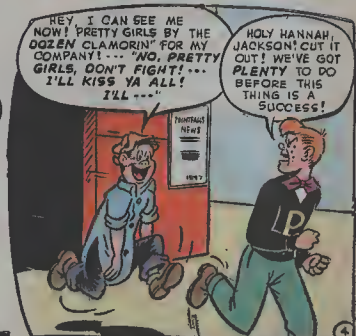
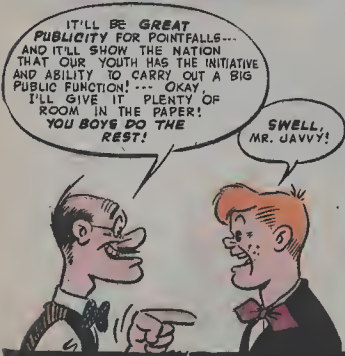
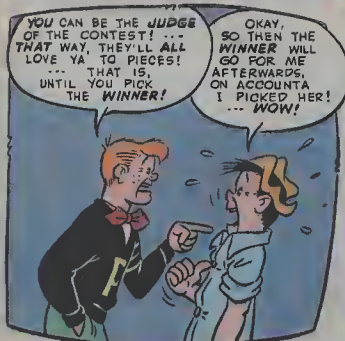
"A GOOD JUDGE OF BEAUTY"

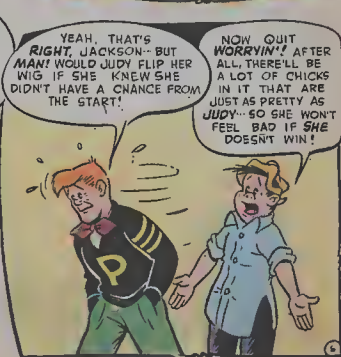
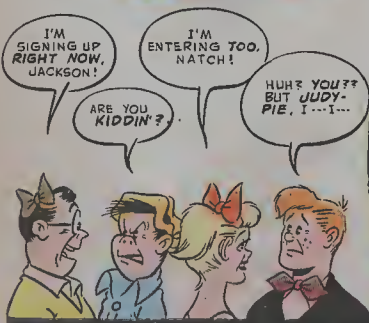
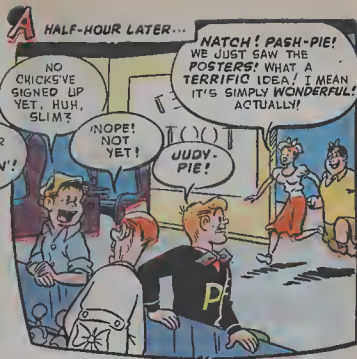


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MORE TIME PASSES!

I'LL HAVE AN ENTRY BLANK, SLIM!

HI, JACKSON! HI, NATCH!

HI, NATCH! 'LO, JACKSON!

HOLY COW, NATCH, THIS ISN'T WORKIN' OUT AT ALL! THESE CHICKS I KNOW--AND THEY ALL GO STEADY!

WAIT'LL THE NEWS GETS AROUND TO THE OTHER TOWNS, DOPE!

S...THE NEXT DAY DAWNS...

EVERY GIRL IN POINTFALLS SIGNED UP BEFORE I CLOSED LAST NIGHT, AND...

JEEPERS, NATCH, LOOK! HERE THEY COME! PRETTY GIRLS! HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

SO YOU'RE NATCH KILROY--THE ONE WHO STARTED THE CONTEST!

I'M AGNES, NATCH!

I'M FROM DADO CITY, NATCH! I'M ENTERING!

HEY! HEY, PRETTY GIRLS! WE'RE PARTNERS! WE BOTH STARTED IT! I'M JACKSON, PRETTY CHICKS! HEY, LOOKIT! IT'S ME, JACKSON!

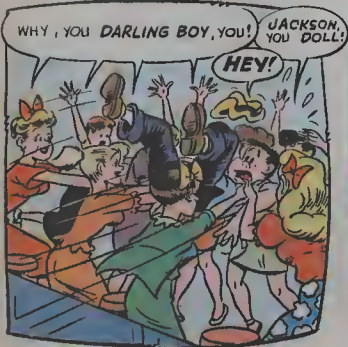
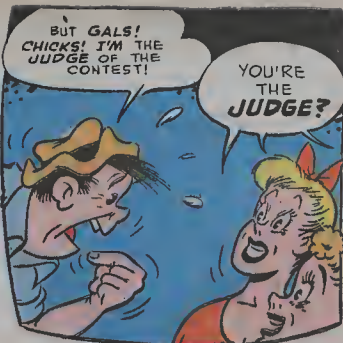
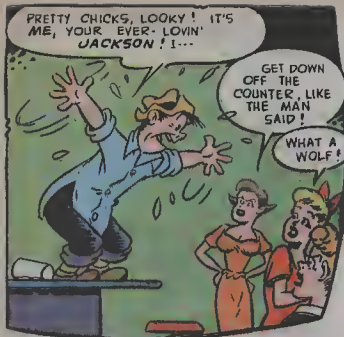
WHAT A MAN!

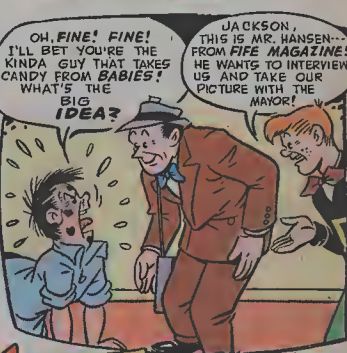
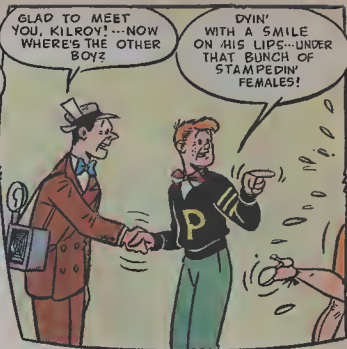
YEAH!

GEE WHIZ! THESE CHICKS COME ON LIKE THEY'RE DEEF! ... THEY DON'T EVEN SEE ME!

I'VE GOTTA GET THEIR ATTENTION! HEY, GALS! PRETTY CHICKS, ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

GET DOWN OFF MY COUNTER!

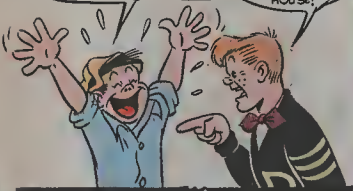




NATCH!

THIS IS IT! THE CHICK
I PICK WILL BE MAD ABOUT
ME, BECAUSE I GOT HER PICTURE
ON **FIFE MAGAZINE!** SHE'LL
LOVE ME TO PIECES FOR
THE REST OF HER
LIFE! **WOW!...NO MORE.**
PORTIA!

OKAY,
OKAY! NOW
LISTEN! GO ON
HOME AND CLEAN
UP AND MEET
ME AT MY
HOUSE!



1 MINUTES LATER...

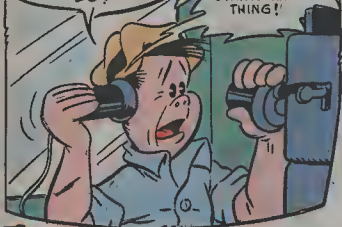
JUST A MINUTE, KID!
ME LITTLE SISTER'S IN DIS
CONTEST AND SHE'S PRETTY **CUTE!** NOW, I
WOULDN'T WANT **YOU**SE TO DO ANYTHIN'
TO HURT HER FEELING! AND IF **YOU**SE DO,
I'M GONNA **WORK 'YA OVER!**

!ULP!:

2 SECONDS
LATER...

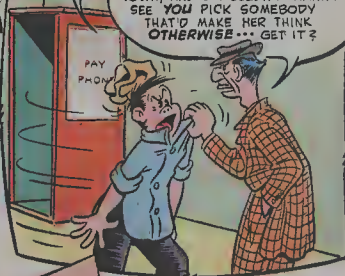
I TELL YA, NATCH,
HE AS MUCH AS SAID
I BETTER PICK HIS
SISTER, OR HE'S GONNA
GIMME THE **WORKS!**
WHAT'M I GONNA
DO?

LISTEN,
JACKSON, YOU GO
RIGHT AHEAD AND
PICK WHO YOU
WANT! THERE'S
TWO OF US, AND
WE CAN HANDLE
HIM IF HE
STARTS ANY-
THING!



NATCH
IS **RIGHT!**
WE CAN...

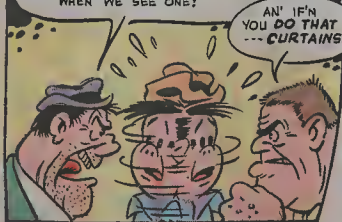
HOLD IT, SONNY BOY! I'VE
GOT SOMETHIN' TO **TELL YOU!**
...MY GAL, ALICE, THINKS
SHE'S THE PRETTIEST GAL IN OUR
TOWN, AND I WOULDN'T WANNA
SEE **YOU** PICK SOMEBODY
THAT'D MAKE HER THINK
OTHERWISE... GET IT?



3 AND THREE BLOCKS FURTHER ALONG...

Y'ALL GOT IT **STRAIGHT**, PUGNOSE?
HER NAME'S **LILYBELLE**...AND WE-ALL
ARE HER **COUSINS!** WE THINK SHE'S
A **RIGHT PURTY** GAL, AND WE
WOULDN'T WANT **YOU** TO CHOOSE SOME-
BODY THAT'D MAKE US THINK WE
DON'T KNOW A **PURTY GAL**
WHEN WE SEE ONE!

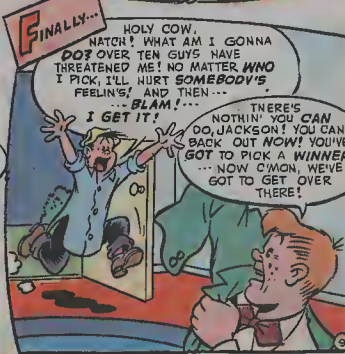
AN' IFN
YOU DO THAT
...**CURTAINS!**



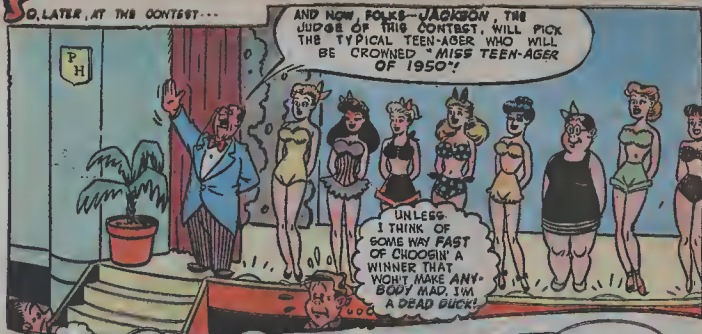
FINALLY...

HOLY COW,
NATCH! WHAT AM I GONNA
DO? OVER TEN GUYS HAVE
THREATENED ME! NO MATTER **WHO**
I PICK, I'LL HURT **SOMEBODY'S**
FEELING! AND THEN...
...**BLAM!**...
I GET IT!

THERE'S
NOTHIN' YOU **CAN**
DO, JACKSON! YOU CAN'T
BACK OUT **NOW!** YOU'VE
GOT TO PICK A **WINNER!**
...NOW C'MON, WE'VE
GOT TO GET OVER
THERE!

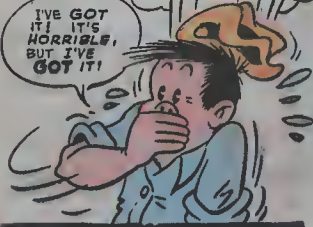


SO, LATER, AT THE CONTEST...



BLOOEY!

I'VE GOT IT!
IT'S HORRIBLE,
BUT I'VE GOT IT!



I CHOOSE
PORTIA KARLOFF!

LOVER-LIP!



AND SO...

I'M GLAD YOU WON, PORTIA! AFTER ALL, ALL TEEN-AGERS AREN'T BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS CREATURES... AND I THINK YOU'RE A TYPICAL TEEN-AGER!

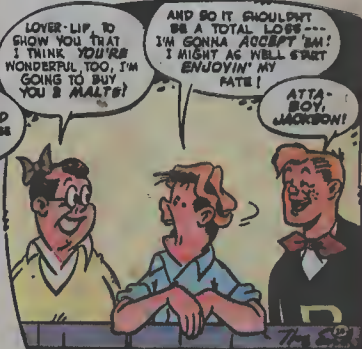
THANKS, JUDY! AND DON'T YOU THINK JACKSON AND I LOOK CUTS ON FIVE MAGAZINES?

I'M NOT ONLY BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM--I'M WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE!

LOVER-LIP TO SHOW YOU THAT I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL, TOO, I'M GOING TO BUY YOU 3 MALTS!

AND SO IT SHOULDN'T BE A TOTAL LOSS--- I'M GONNA ACCEPT 'EM! I MIGHT AS WELL START ENJOVIN' MY FATE!

ATTA-BOY, JACKSON!



"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE
FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL
RURAL
AIRPORT,
TWO
CUNNING
SCHEMERS
WATCH A CROP-
DUSTING
PLANE TAKE OFF
FOR
FARMER JONES'
FIELDS...

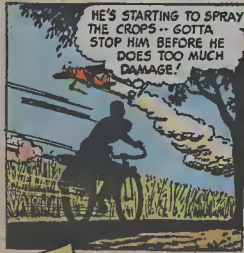
WE DID IT, BOSS!
THAT PILOT DOESN'T
KNOW IT - BUT HE'S
GOT A SPRAY-TANK
FULL OF PLANT KILLER
--HOT BUG POISON!

WELL, JONES WANTS HIS
CROPS SPRAYED--AND I
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS
DOUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--



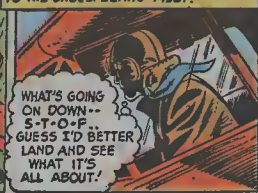
FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED
BIKE AND CATCH UP
WITH THAT PLANE!



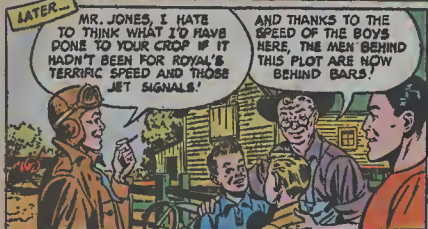
HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY
THE CROPS-- GOTTA
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
DOES TOO MUCH
DAMAGE!



ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST
--SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!

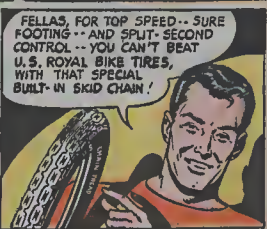


WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWN--
S-T-O-P--
GUESS I'D BETTER
LAND AND SEE
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

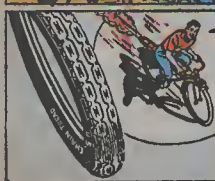


LATER--
MR. JONES, I HATE
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE
JET SIGNALS!

AND THANKS TO THE
SPEED OF THE BOYS
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND
THIS PLOT ARE NOW
BEHIND BARS!



FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED-- SURE
FOOTING-- AND SPLIT-SECOND
CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
WITH THAT SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN"-- SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, Surer
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Miss **CALLIE** **SLOCUM!**

ONE MINUTE, Callie Slocum was an adorable fifteen-year-old girl, and the next minute, she had become a glamorous woman of the world! What wrought this extra-sudden change in Callie? Why, the new boy in town, of course! For the minute Callie set eyes on him, she decided that it was foolish and undignified to wear jeans and a sweater and a mop of curls that danced on her head as she walked. Why, it was positively *childish* to be interested in such things as riding her bike or running up a good bowling score! From the moment Callie saw that boy, she became Miss Callie Slocum!

"Let's see now," she pondered in front of her mirror. "I could smooth my hair down and pull it all over to one side. *That's* very sophisticated! And I could borrow mother's long, dangly earrings. Wonder if I still have that pair of high heels I wore to the senior dance? They hurt a little bit...but I can get used to them!"

It was a new role for Callie, this femme fatale pose. But the new young man had awakened a great and lively interest in her and she meant to do something about it. Hence, it was an entirely different Callie, slick and chic, who emerged from her house and went alinking down the street, a bit unsteady on the unaccustomed high heels. Trail-ing an aura of perfume, her eyelids lowered heavily, she sauntered slowly past the house where the new boy lived.

"He's there...on the porch... he can see me...I know he'll ask someone who I am..." Callie's side-long glances had spotted him immediately. She waited for a sudden look of interest to come into his face. Instead, he looked very blank and seemed to see right *through* her!

There was no getting around it, Callie was annoyed. But she didn't

give up so easily. For one whole week, she carefully observed her routine, trailing past the new boy as glamorously as a movie star. But the new boy was either near-sighted or just not interested, for he managed to disregard her thoroughly!

One afternoon, as Callie was looking through her closet for something special to wear, her hand came upon a hard, bulky, metal object. A roller skate! She pulled it out, as well as its mate, and looked rueful. "Gosh, I haven't been skating in weeks, it's so childish!" she thought. "I wonder if I remember how. One little whirl won't hurt if he doesn't see me!"

The skates were fastened on and Callie pushed off down the block, gathering speed as she went. The wind put the curl back in her hair immediately, her eyes glowed and her cheeks turned pink. Faster and faster she went, exhilaration filling her. And then...panic!

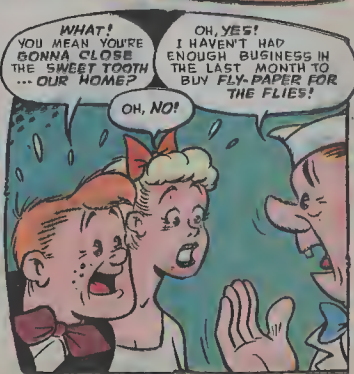
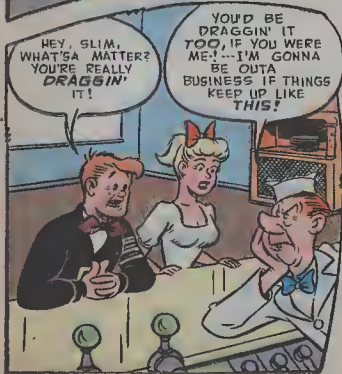
"A wheel's loose!" she realized. "Stop me!" she shouted. Blindly she reached for the first obstacle and smacked into it, full force. Down went Callie in a tangle of arms, legs, wheels, but cushioned by the support of the person she had smacked into.

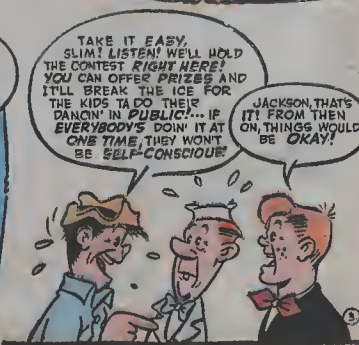
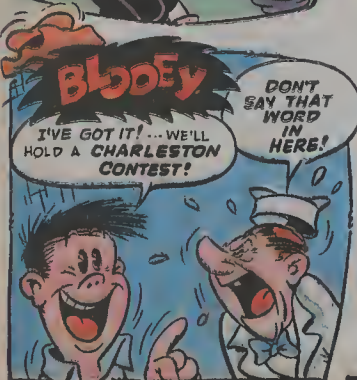
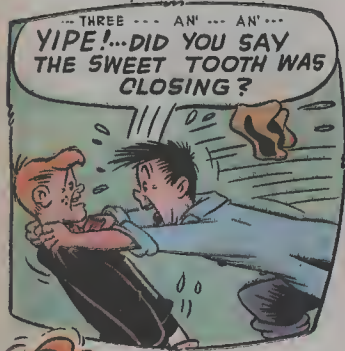
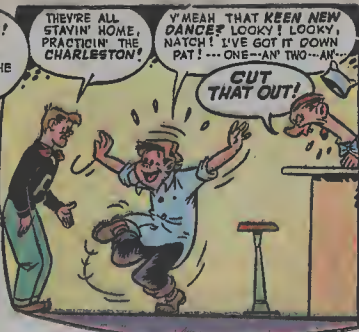
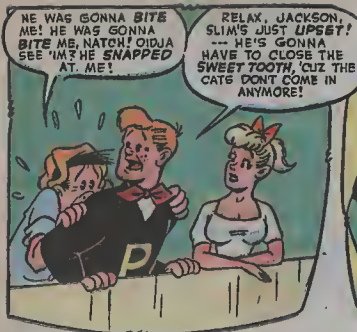
Callie blinked her eyes. It was... him! Weakly, she started to apologize, but the young man was gazing at her in great interest. "Say, why haven't I met you before?" he demanded. "This town seems to be full of painted-up magazine models! I haven't seen a *real* girl in weeks!"

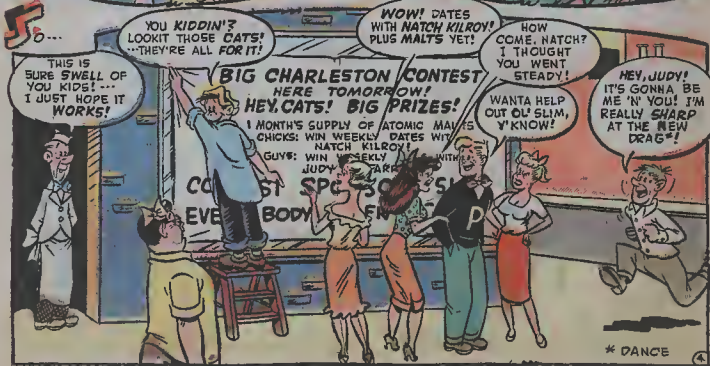
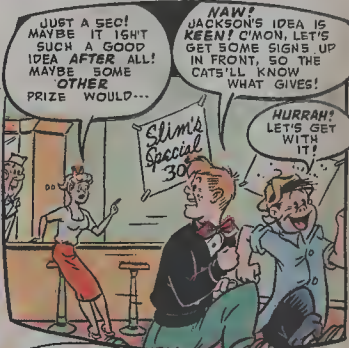
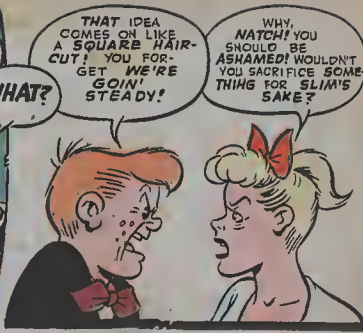
"He doesn't recognize me," Callie thought. "And what's more, I won't tell him!"

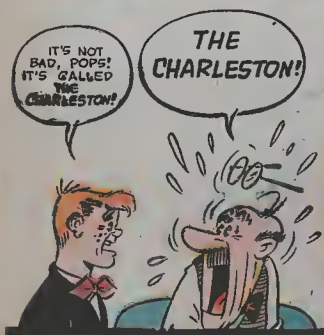
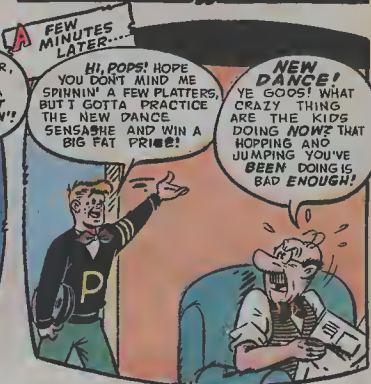
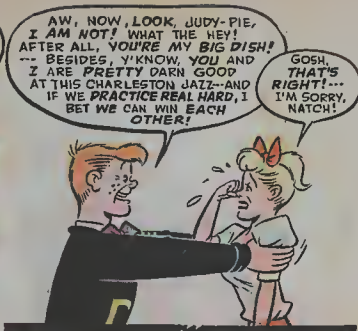
Which was a very wise decision on Callie's part...leading directly to a date for that very night!

KILROY KUT-UPS











M

MEANWHILE, AT THE SWEET TOOTH--

NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, EDGAR KILROY! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE IN YOUR SECOND CHILDHOOD AND YOU'RE TOO OLD TO STILL BE IN YOUR FIRST!-- YOU'RE NOT ENTERING ANY CONTEST, SO PUT THAT CUP AND BLAZER BACK IN THE TRUNK!

OKAY, EMMA! OKAY!

Y'KNOW, SLIM, IF THE CATS SHOULD LOSE THEIR NERVE AND NOT SHOW UP TONIGHT FOR THE CONTEST, YOU'D STILL LOSE THE SWEET TOOTH, WOULDN'T YA?

YEAH...
YEAH, I GUESS I WOULD, WILBUR!

WELL, LISTEN! I CAN SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T LOSE THE SWEET TOOTH! MATER AUTHORIZED ME TO OFFER YOU A GIFT OF 2000 *GEETAS! ... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, AS JUDGE, IS PICK ME THE WINNER, SO I WIN THE DATES WITH JUDY! ... OKAY?

*DOLLARS

WHY, YOU CHEAP HEEL! I WOULDN'T PULL A DIRTY TRICK LIKE THAT ON A BUNCH OF SWELL KIDS IF I LOST THIS PLACE OR NOT! NOW GET OUT OF HERE! I'M GONNA SPRAY O.D.T. AROUND AND YOU MIGHT JOIN YOUR INSECT FRIENDS ON THE FLOOR!

OKAY, SLIM, OKAY! RELAX! IT WAS JUST A GAG! HEH! HONEST!

M

MINUTES LATER...

WELL, IF I CAN'T WIN THOSE DATES WITH JUDY, I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT MATCH DOESN'T EITHER! AND I KNOW HOW TO DO IT, TOO!

TOOTH

C'MON, LITTLE ANTS! FOLLOW THE SUGAR INTO THE TIN CAN... THAT'S IT! ... HEH-HEH! I'LL PUT THIS MESS OF ANTS IN MATCH'S PANTS JUST BEFORE HE STARTS! ... THAT OUGHTA FIX HIS WAGON!

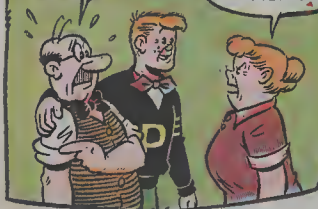
SUGAR

SO, THAT NIGHT...

ER--EMMA, DO YOU MIND IF I JUST GO DOWN WITH THE CHILDREN AND WATCH THE CONTEST?

AW, WHY NOT? LET 'IM COME, MOM, IF IT'LL GIVE HIM HIS JOLLIES!

HMM! WELL, ALL RIGHT!

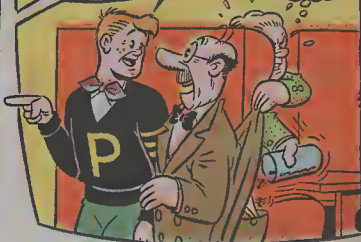


SOME TIME LATER...

NEXT CONTESTANT, KILROY!

THAT'S ME, POP!

HEH-- HERE GOES!



YEE- IPE! WAHOO!

ULP! I GOT 'EM IN THE WRONG PANTS!

WHAT TH--??

MAN, IS HE HAVIN' A BALL!



NO DOUBT ABOUT THE WINNER, KIDS! NATCH KILROY'S POP!

YEE-OWW! ...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

JEEPERS, IS HE GOOD!

HEY, WAIT, POPS! YOU WON!



MINUTES LATER...

NOW THAT NATCH'S POP IS BACK, I HEREBY AWARD HIM THE PRIZES!... HE SAYS HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, HE JUST SUDDENLY GOT ANTS IN HIS PANTS!... THE GIRL WINNER IS PORTIA!

PASH - PIE, YOU WON ME!

YEAH, AND PORTIA WON ME--GO I'M GIVING HER JACKSON INSTEAD!

NATCH, AS I'M MARRIED, I'LL GIVE YOU MY PRIZE!

LOVER-LIP... YOU'RE MINE!



AND JO...

CHEER UP, JACKSON! DON'T FORGET I ALSO WON A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF MALTS!

AH, BUSINESS! BUSINESS! IT'S WONDERFUL!

I DON'T KNOW WHY WE WORRIED ABOUT DANCIN' IN PUBLIC WHEN NATCH'S POP TOOK A FLING AT IT!

HEY, THAT'S RIGHT! SLIM! RUSTLE ME UP 2 WEEKS OF MALTS!

YEAH!



The End

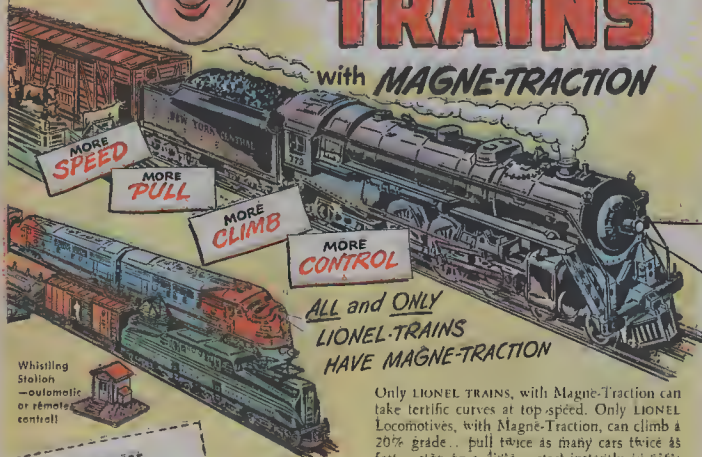


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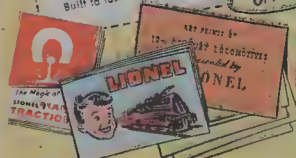
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WRONG SIDE of the FENCE

JOHNNIE BAKER felt the resentment mounting within him as he entered his dad's grocery store. It wasn't the work he minded. It was just that...well...after school, while all the other kids went out and had cokes and listened to juke music, he spent the afternoon making deliveries. No parties and fun for Johnnie Baker!

"I guess I'm on the wrong side of the fence for those snobs!" he told himself, as he got into his working jacket. "They look down on me. Why, they won't ever ask me to join 'em in anything. I'm just not good enough to be one of the crowd!"

Johnnie's dad interrupted his unhappy thoughts by pointing to two large bags of groceries and saying, "Deliver these things to Mrs. Clarence first thing, son! They need 'em for the picnic tomorrow!"

Sullenly, Johnnie lifted the heavy bags into his bike basket. The groceries inside reminded him of his keenest disappointment. The gang was going on a week-end hike, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence. Boy, what a swell time they'd be having! Johnnie could imagine how good everything would taste! after a long mountain climb in the clean, bracing air. He could imagine the shouts of laughter, the jokes, the fun! Of course, he hadn't been invited to join in.

"Guess they don't want to cross over to the wrong side of that fence!" Johnnie thought, pedalling his bike furiously. "Well, I'll show 'em that I don't care!"

Braking his bike to a halt, Johnnie parked it against a fence and started up the back

walk of the Clarence house, bundles in his arms. He walked up the back steps and was about to rap on the screen door, when something made him stop short. It was the sound of his own name, being spoken by Sally Clarence.

"But, mother," Sally was saying plaintively to Mrs. Clarence, "I wanted so much to ask Johnnie Baker. He's a nice boy! But I know he'd refuse! He's so stuck-up!"

Stuck-up! He, Johnnie Baker! He could hear Sally telling her mother how he had resisted all invitations a long time ago. "And so now, we just don't ask him anymore, mother! I guess he thinks he's better than we are because he works!"

Johnnie shook his head as though to clear his brain for action. The gang thought that he was stand-offish and snobbish! He had had the whole thing twisted inside-out. They wanted him and only his own stubborn pride had kept him from friends and good times!

"Groceries!" Johnnie shouted, as he rapped on the screen door.

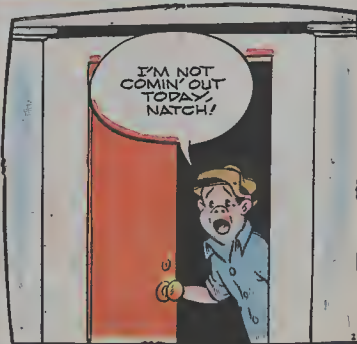
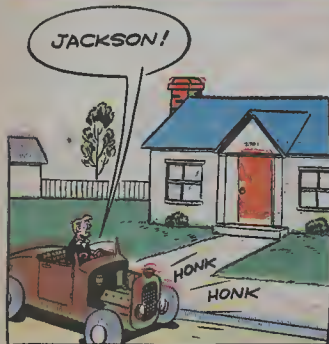
"Oh, come in, Johnnie," Mrs. Clarence said cordially.

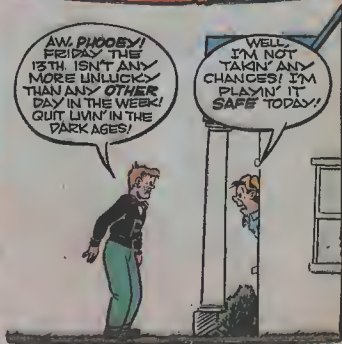
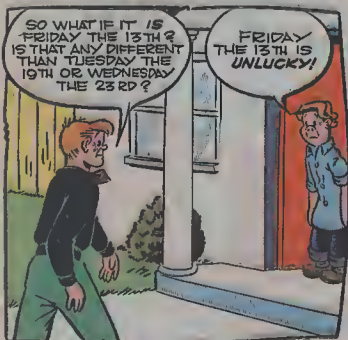
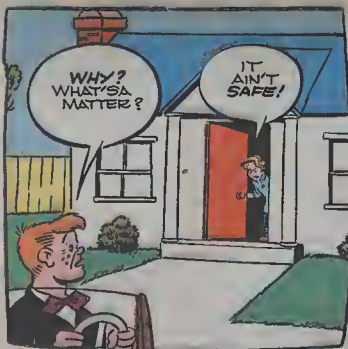
Johnnie entered the kitchen and set the bundles down on the table. He realized that he had a tough job ahead of him, but he knew that he might as well get started on it at once.

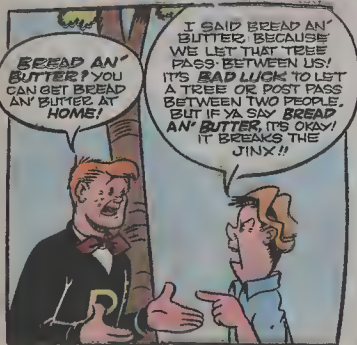
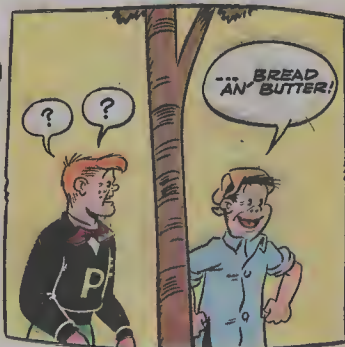
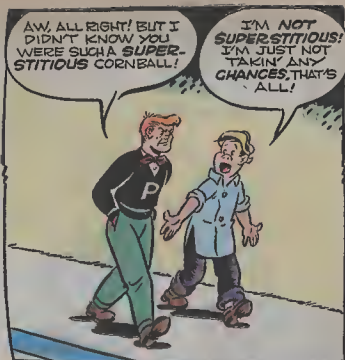
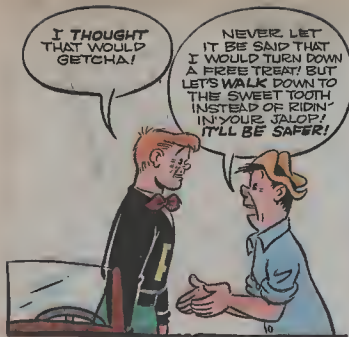
"Er...Sally..." he said, looking at the pretty, blushing girl, "I've got something to say to you."

"I'm listening, Johnnie," she answered.

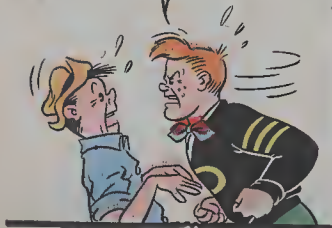
KILROY-KAPERS





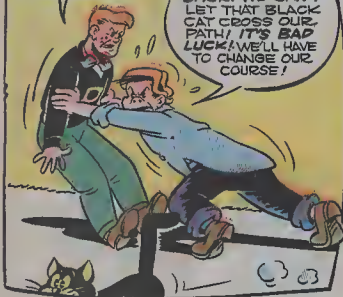


IF THE WART
IS ON THE CAT,
I DO!!



WHAT'S A MATTER
WITH YOU?

**GO BACK! GO
BACK! WE CAN'T
LET THAT BLACK
CAT CROSS OUR
PATH! IT'S BAD
LUCK! WE'LL HAVE
TO CHANGE OUR
COURSE!**



**I WISH YOU'D MAKE UP
YOUR MIND. YA SADDLE-
HEAD!**

**I KNOW
WHAT I'M
DOIN'! YA DON'T
WANNA HAVE
BAD LUCK,
DO YOU?**



**SPEAKIN' OF CATS,
LOOK! A BLACK CAT!
CROSSIN' OUR PATH!**



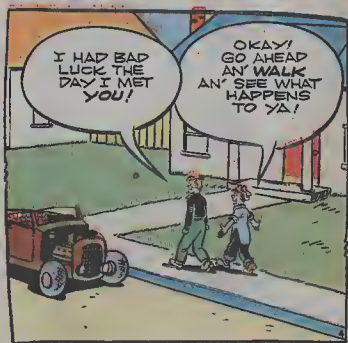
**BUT I WANTA
GO TO THE SWEET
TOOTH AN' GET
A MALT!!**

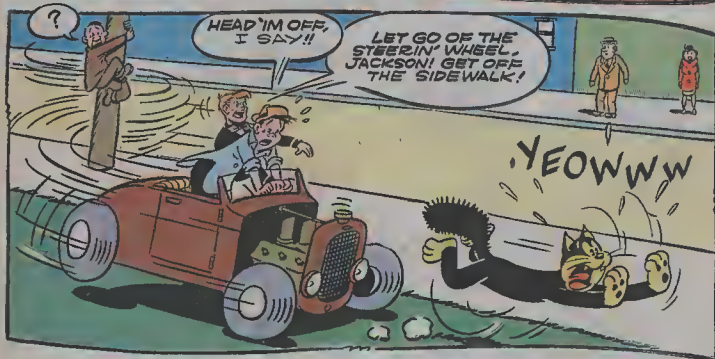
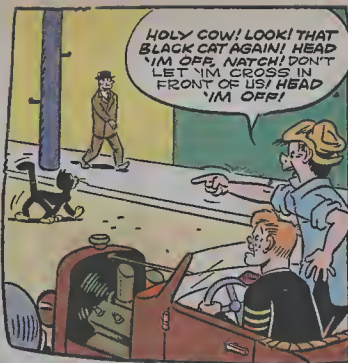
**NO! WE CAN'T
GO THAT WAY
NOW! WE
BETTER GO
BACK AN' GET
YOUR JALOPY!**

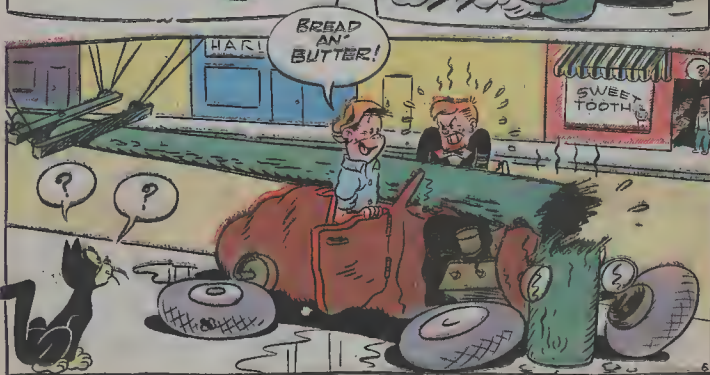
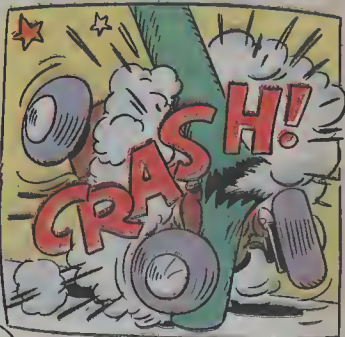
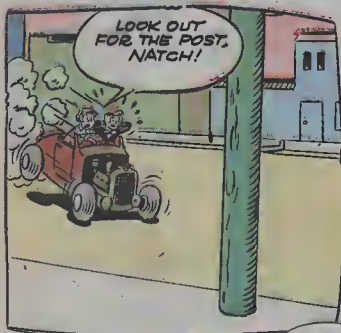
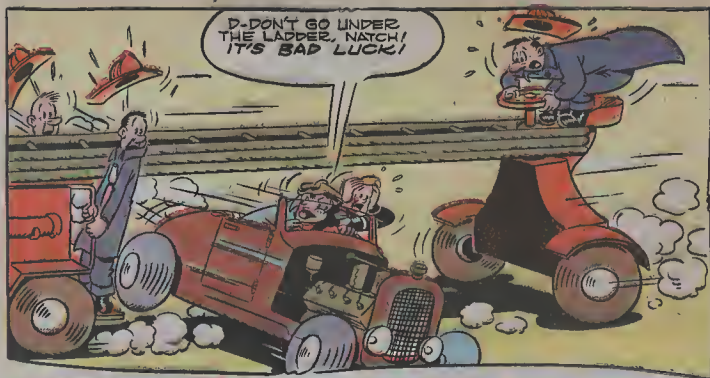


**I HAD BAD
LUCK THE
DAY I MET
YOU!**

**OKAY!
GO AHEAD
AN' WALK
AN' SEE WHAT
HAPPENS
TO YA!**







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Puppy LOVE

IT TOOK Woody Palmer only five minutes to fall in love with Miss Finch. True, Miss Finch was twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and Woody was almost seventeen... but that didn't seem to matter. Miss Finch had *glamor*!

Dreamily, Woody compared the glamorous Miss Finch with Betsy Algood, who wore angora hobby socks and scuffed saddle shoes. "A baby!" Woody thought scornfully, although up until then, Betsy had been his one-and-only swoon-girl! "She's got to grow up! But Miss Finch!"

In a poetic cloud, Woody saw Miss Finch come tip-tapping down the street on her high, spikey heels, moving in an aura of perfume, her dangly earrings catching the light as they moved. For the past two weeks, he had hung around Miss Finch's porch, bringing her all the candy and flowers his allowance could buy. They weren't much, of course, but Miss Finch always accepted them graciously, smiling her wonderful smile that made Woody's head spin.

As for Betsy, he had all but forgotten her. When he wasn't hanging around Miss Finch, Woody would loiter on his own front porch, as he was now doing, dreaming of the day that he would be twenty-four and old enough to propose.

A sweet little voice, slightly puzzled, slightly hurt, cut into Woody's reverie. Annoyed, he looked down to see Betsy coming up the steps.

"Woody Palmer," she was saying, "it's Saturday night, remember?"

"What of it?" Woody asked, not really caring.

Betsy was really hurt this time, no mistake about it. "Why... why, we've had a date every Saturday night for the past six

months," she said. "I...I just thought..."

"Betsy, you're just a child! An infant almost!" Woody said, in what he meant to be a kindly tone. Betsy turned red and then white. Tears sprang to her eyes as without a word, she turned and walked quickly away.

There was a hint of remorse in Woody's heart. But she had to know the truth. And besides, there was a light in Miss Finch's living room. That meant she was home and he could call on her. Vaulting off his porch, Woody slicked his hair and made for the home of the glamorous one.

He was half-way into the entrance hall, when he realized that Miss Finch had company. She was laughing heartily and talking about someone. "He's really the cutest kid," she was saying. "He has a crush on me! Brings me cheap little boxes of candy and wilted flowers and moons all over the place like a calf! Of course, I kid him along! I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings!"

With a sharp stab of pain, Woody knew the truth. Miss Finch was talking about him! Hurt and bewildered, he left the house silently, to sit on the curb and get over this terrible feeling of rejection. Miss Finch had done to him what he had done to Betsy. It was awful!

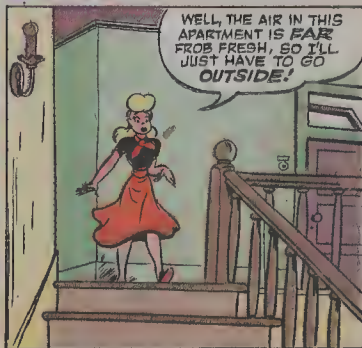
Through the mist in his eyes, Woody made out a pair of scuffed saddle shoes, planted next to him. He looked up to see Betsy standing there, a sympathetic expression on her face. "It...it's Saturday night," she said softly, and a great weight was lifted from Woody's heart.

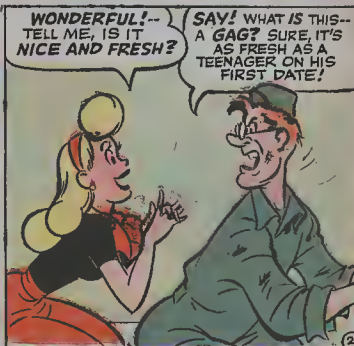
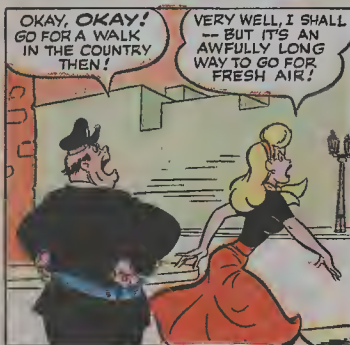
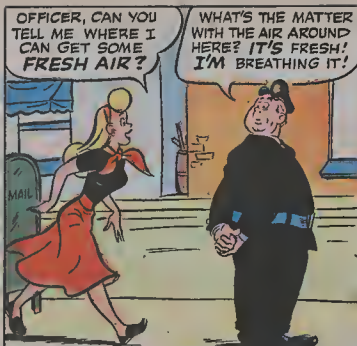
This was his girl. She understood him and liked him!

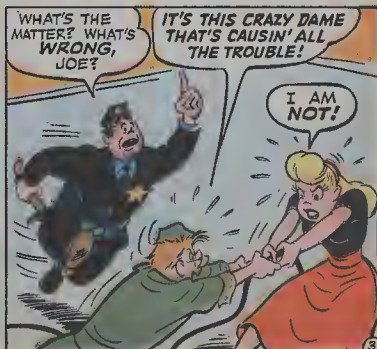
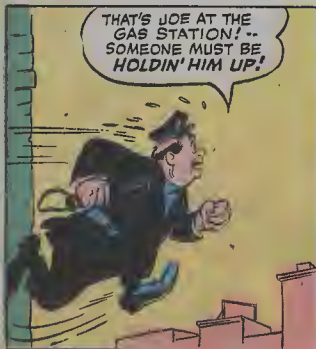
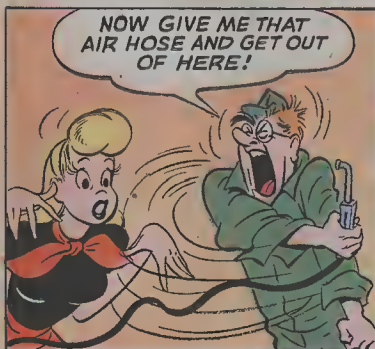
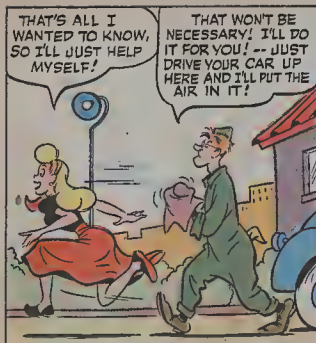
"Let's go, Betsy," he said, returning her smile.

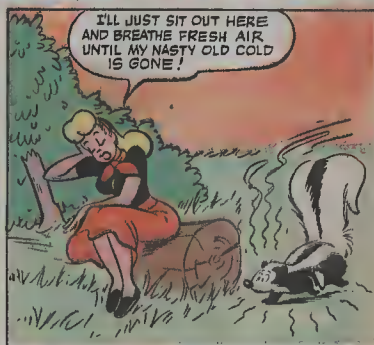
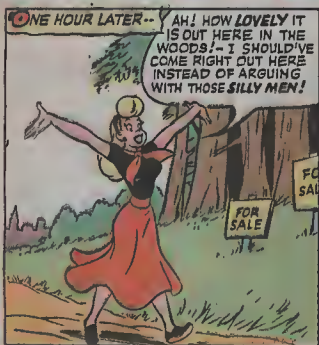
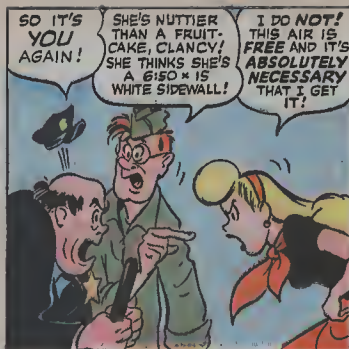
MORONICA

Miss NITWIT of 1950

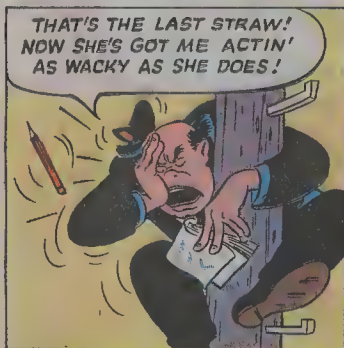
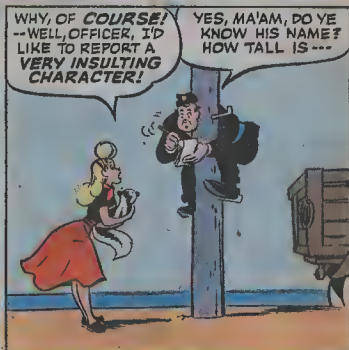
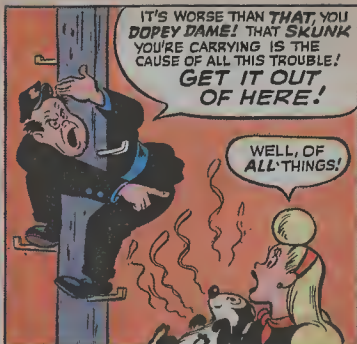


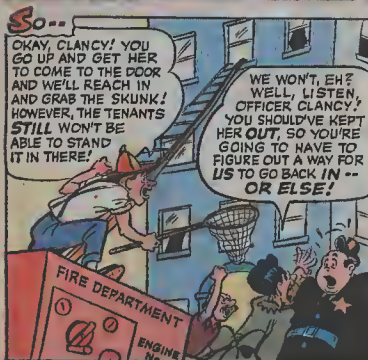
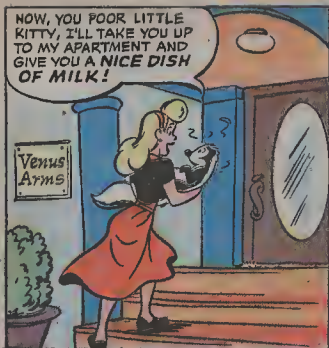






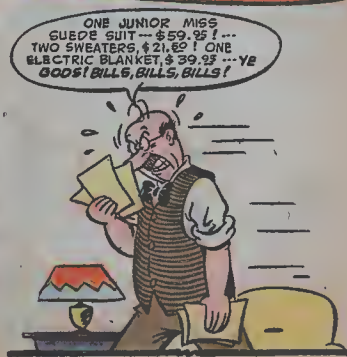


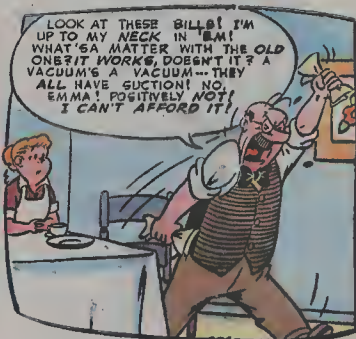


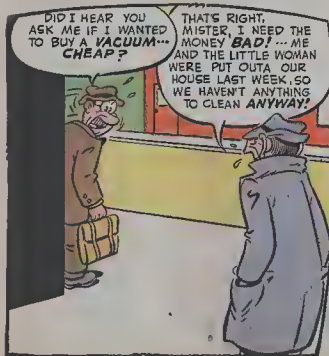
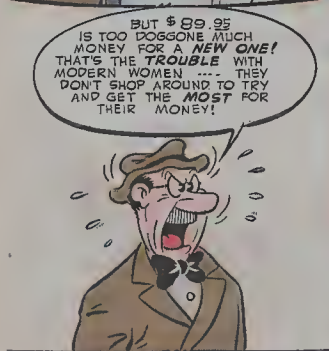
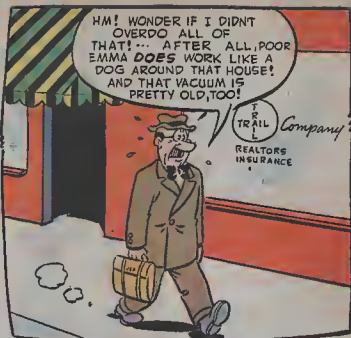
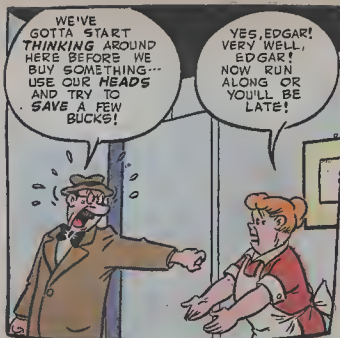


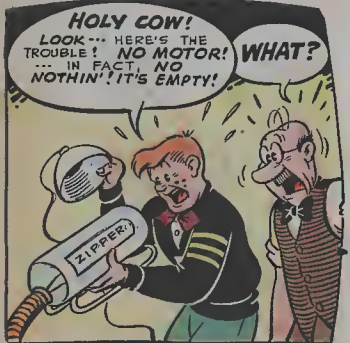
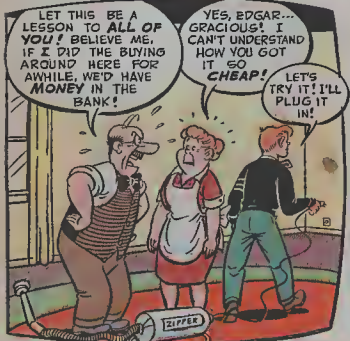
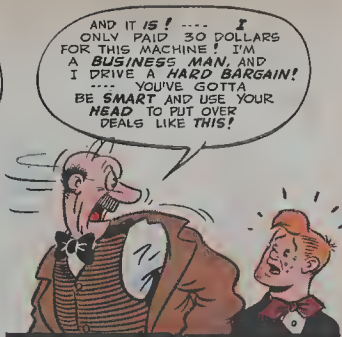
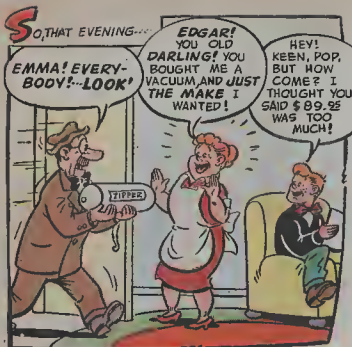
The KILROYS

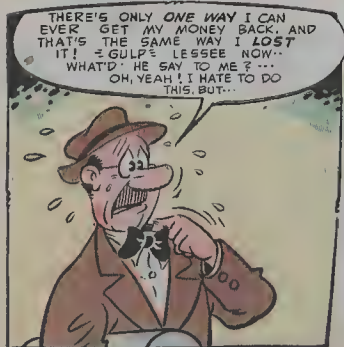
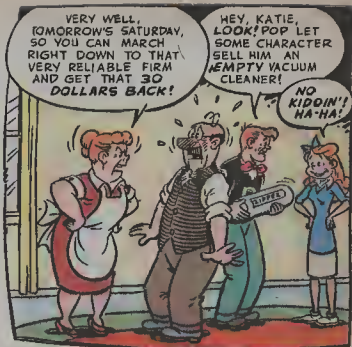
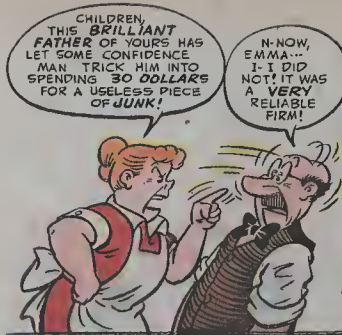
"PIG IN A POKE"

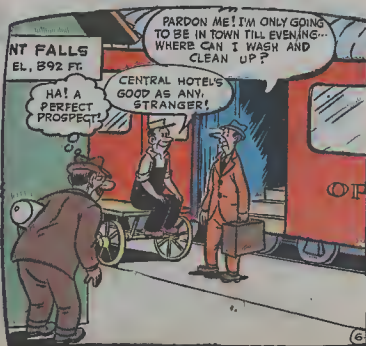
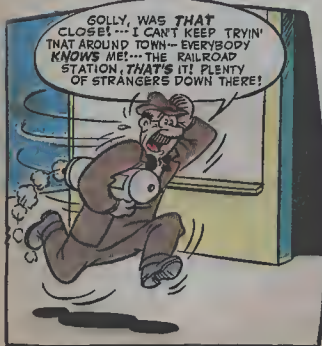




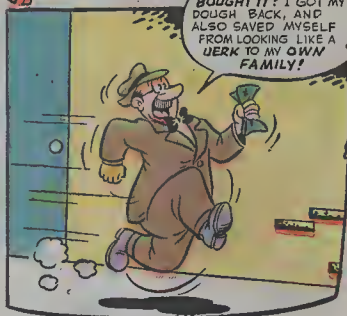






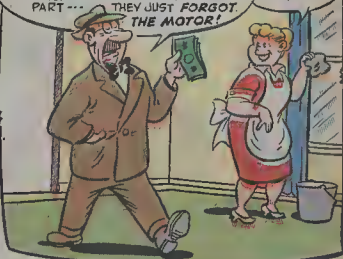


A FEW MINUTES LATER...



HE BOUGHT IT! HE BOUGHT IT! I GOT MY DOUGH BACK, AND ALSO SAVED MYSELF FROM LOOKING LIKE A UERK TO MY OWN FAMILY!

WELL, EMMA! HERE'S MY MONEY! DIDN'T I TELL YOU IT WAS A RELIABLE FIRM? ...THEY COULDN'T GIVE ME MY MONEY BACK FAST ENOUGH! IT WAS STRICTLY AN OVERSIGHT ON THE MANUFACTURERS' PART ... THEY JUST FORGOT THE MOTOR!



WELL... I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU GOT YOUR 30 DOLLARS BACK, EDGAR!

BUT YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME ONE BIT!... I'VE LIVED WITH YOU FOR 25 YEARS AND I KNOW YOU LIKE A BOOK!... YOU WERE TRICKED INTO BUYING THAT THING, AND YOU PROBABLY GOT YOUR MONEY BACK THE SAME WAY!



NOW SEE HERE, EMMA! THERE'S NO REASON FOR YOU TO SAY THAT TO...



OH, NO?... WELL, IF IT WAS SUCH A RELIABLE FIRM, WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST REPLACE THE MACHINE WITH ONE THAT DID HAVE A MOTOR?



HUH? WHY... ER... FIRST, THERE'S THE... AH... ER... THEN OF, COURSE, THERE'S ALSO... ALSO... GULP!



POOR POPPIE! WHY DOESN'T HE GIVE UP?

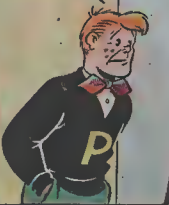


YEAH!

MOM'S GOT HIM NAILED TO THE FLOOR LIKE A WALL-TO-WALL CARPET!



I FEEL KINDA SORRY FOR THE POOR GUY!... ALL HE WAS TRYIN' TO DO WAS BE A S.T.O.* -- GUESS I'LL GO DOWN TO THE SWEET TOOTH AND PASTE MY PALATE WITH A COKE!



*BIG TIME OPERATOR

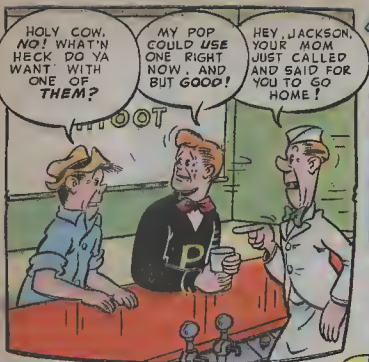
LATER...

HI YA, BIG WHEEL! WHAT GIVES WITH MY RED-WIGGED FRIEND THAT MIGHT BE CONSIDERED SENSASHE?



NOTHIN', JACKSON! BY THE WAY, YA DON'T KNOW WHERE I COULD BUY A GOOD NEW VACUUM CLEANER FOR 30 BUCKS, DO YA?

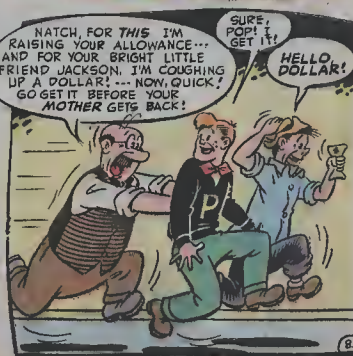
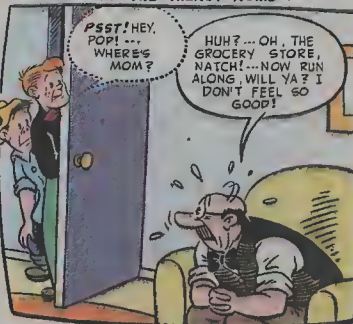
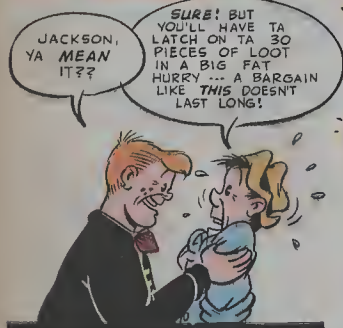




A FEW MINUTES LATER...



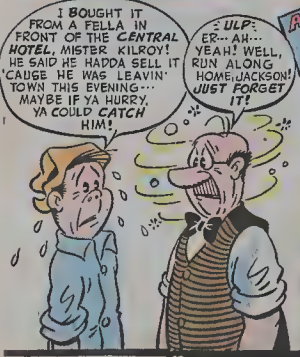
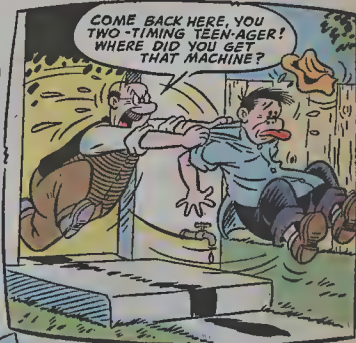
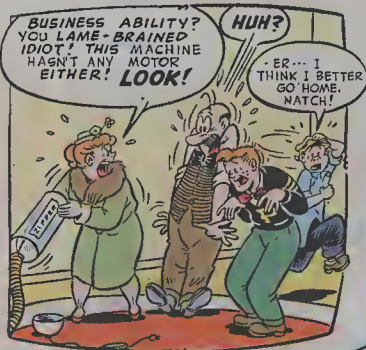
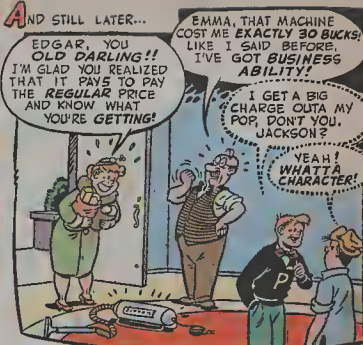
SO NATCH AND JACKSON HURRY BACK TO THE KILROY HOME...



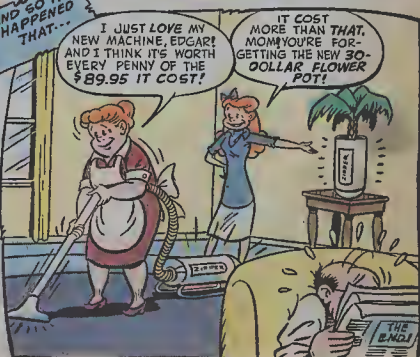
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



AND STILL LATER...



AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT...



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WHICH ONE SALES?

AMAZING!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

NEW!

Helllo! I'm SANDY!
I drink wet sleep
and you can
WAVE MY HAIR!

I have RUGGED MONSERSKIN!

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3⁹⁸

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